He immediately shot back, "Because they're naughty." Why do people hurt dogs? "Because they're sick." I wanted to ask him the next question. Why are people sick?

I thought of all his robberies. I thought of him taking off down Thing Street, puffing on one of the manager's cigarettes. That made me smile. All the wounded animals showing up in shelters across the city were another matter.

I tried to implicate him more directly. When he asked me why people were bad I asked him why he pissed in cups. He gave me a sidelong glance and slunk off clutching a warm glass of tea. Or was it urine?

We were really going to miss Jack, after his eviction.

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I was in the dining room when I heard the shouting in the smoking lounge. When I entered Martha was holding the door open. Actually she was cowering behind it, using it like a shield. Against the slings and arrows of George Sand. How long was this to be her fortune, she demanded. Outrageous!

George Sand stood four feet high in the middle of the pop-sticky cig-stained linoleum smoking lounge floor. She was holding a glass of tap water in one hand. On the other he